

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

PRICE: 1d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, April 10,
at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Symphony, No. 8, in F (Beethoven); Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (Liszt); Andante and Variations, for two pianos (Schumann); Overture, *Di Ballo* (Sullivan). Vocalists—Miss Mackenzie (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Mr Barton McGuckin, Pianists—Miss Anna Mehlig and Miss Bertha Mehlig (her first appearance in England). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

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The EASTER TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 20th inst., and terminate on SATURDAY, July 24th.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) may be examined at the Institution on Saturday, the 24th inst., at Eleven o'clock.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at this INSTITUTION (in the New Concert-Room), on SATURDAY Evening, the 17th inst., at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Tickets (which may be purchased at the doors):—Balcony, 2s. 6d.; and Stalls, 5s. each.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS in VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Examiner—Dr HULLAN. An EXAMINATION will be held at the House of the SOCIETY OF ARTS, 18, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., during the week commencing 7th June, 1880, for Candidates residing in or near London. This Examination will be held during the Day and Evening. Candidates should apply at once to the SECRETARY at the above address for a Form upon which to make the necessary returns. Certificates in Honours, or for First and Second Class, are granted to successful candidates.
By Order, H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary.
Society's House, Adelphi, W.C.,
April 8, 1880.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Fourteenth Season, 1880. The remaining Arrangements for April are as follows, viz.: Thursday, April 15, Second Concert (Schumann's Compositions forming first part of Programme); Wednesday, April 22, Meeting for Vocal and Chamber Music Practice. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of joining may do so at any time, and can have Prospectus and full particulars on application to
H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.
244, Regent Street, W.

BARONESS VON DER TRENCK (née SCHUBERTH) has the honour to announce that she will ARRIVE in London early in May. All communications to be addressed care of Herr SCHUBERTH, 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her Annual MATINÉE MUSICALE, under Distinguished Patronage, will (by kind permission) take place in Lowndes Square, Belgravia, on SATURDAY, June 6th. Further particulars will be duly announced.—38, Oakley Square.

MR W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE PUPILS, Miss Maud Baglehole, Miss Beale, Miss Lindsay, Miss Florence Saunders, Mr Harvard Turner, and Mr Löhr; assisted by Mr Henry Holmes, violin; viola, Mr B. Blagrove; violoncello, Herr Lütgen; trumpet, Mr T. Harper; vocalists, Miss Maud Baglehole and Mr F. Holmes; pianoforte, Mr G. W. Hammond and Mr W. H. Holmes; at the residence (by kind permission) of Sutton Sharpe, Esq., 12, Devonshire Place, SATURDAY morning, May 29, at Two o'clock. These performances are partly in illustration of Mr W. H. Holmes's new work, "Notes upon Notes," dedicated by special permission to their Royal and Imperial Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. At the close of the season it is Mr W. H. Holmes's intention to give a Recital of Pianoforte Pieces, upwards of three hours; Mr W. H. Holmes's pupils will, during the time, retire and finger each a pianoforte piece, away from any instrument, then return, and answer any questions as to form, &c., in composition, and relating to touch, &c., write down (out of sight of an instrument) music, given by dictation, on the pianoforte, &c. Further particulars of Mr W. H. HOLMES, 38, Beaumont Street, W.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MR FAULKNER LEIGH
Will give his Second CONCERT on WEDNESDAY, April 14, to commence at Eight o'clock. The Programme will include M^{me} SAINTON-DOLBY's Cantata.

"THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL"
(First Time of Performance); and a New Cantata (Seria Buffa), by GEORGE FOX, "IMOGENE"
(Also First Time of Performance), with Full Orchestra and Chorus.
SECOND SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, "L'ARLESIENNE," by BIZET
(First Time of Performance in England).

Mr WEIST HILL'S ORCHESTRA is engaged for this occasion. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR, and M. SAINTON. Artists—Miss José Sherrington and M^{lle} Baumeister (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, by kind permission of Ernest Gye, Esq.), M^{me} Antoinette Sterling and Miss Lloyd; Mr Faulkner Leigh, Signor Foll, and Mr George Fox. Grand Organ—Mr James M. Coward, Stalls, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission 1s. Tickets to be obtained at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; and of Mr LEIGH, 6, Montagu Place, Montagu Square, W.

MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, St James's Hall.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY Afternoon next, April 17, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 5, and Rubinstein's Symphony in F major, No. 1, Op. 40 (first time of performance), Ernst's Violin Concerto in F minor, and Weber's Oboen Overture. Vocalist—M^{me} Marie Rose. Violin—M. Emile Sautet. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s.; at Messrs Chappell & Co.'s, Austin's Ticket Office, the usual places, and of Mr WILHELM GANZ, 120, Harley Street, W.

MR HENRY PARKER begs to announce THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS, WEDNESDAY next, April 14, FRIDAY, April 23, WEDNESDAY, May 5, at Three o'clock, ST JAMES'S HALL. The following artists will appear:—The Misses Robertson, Miss Thorndike, and M^{me} Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Maybrick. Violin, Signor Erba; viola, Mr R. Blagrove; violoncello, M. Albert; pianoforte, Mr Henry Parker. Conductors—Mr Sidney Naylor and Signor Romano. Each Recital will include some of Mr Henry Parker's compositions. Tickets, 7s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St James's Hall; Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; the usual Agents; and of Mr HENRY PARKER, 2, Marewood Street, Harewood Square.

MR VERNON RIGBY requests that all Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be in future addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 231, Regent Street, W.

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN requests that all Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be in future addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 231, Regent Street, W.

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OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY—231, REGENT STREET, W.

MR KEPPEL begs to announce to the MUSICAL PROFESSION, ENTREPRENEURS, and CONCERT-GIVERS, that, to meet the requirements of increased business, he has opened an Office at the above address, to which all Communications should be forwarded. Office hours—11 to 5 o'clock.

M^{me} ARABELLA GODDARD'S ACADEMY for LADY STUDENTS in PIANOFORTE MUSIC. For prospectuses, apply to the Secretary, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.; or to M^{me} GODDARD, 49, Finchley Road, N.W., on Mondays, between two and five p.m.

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WANTED, on the 1st May, in a Catholic College in Ireland, a RESIDENT MASTER (Roman Catholic), thoroughly competent, to teach Pianoforte and Singing. Salary, £100 a year and all expenses. Address, with copy of Testimonials, the RECTOR, St Stanislaus College, Tullamore.

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MISS GEORGINA BURNS (Carl Rosa Opera Company) will be at liberty to accept Oratorio and Concert ENGAGEMENTS during the months of May, June, and July. All applications to be addressed to Mr J. D. McLAREN, 106, St Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICE.

MRS OSGOOD, having made arrangements to reside permanently in London, can now accept ENGAGEMENTS, in Town and Country, for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address—20, LOWER SEYMOUR STREET, Portman Square; or N. VERT, Esq., 52, New Bond Street.

REMOVAL.

MR GERARD COVENTRY begs to announce his removal from New Cavendish Street to 12, BERNERS STREET, Oxford Street, W.

NORWICH.—VALUABLE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC FOR SALE BY AUCTION UNDER THE WILL OF THE LATE EDWARD COPEMAN, ESQ., M.D., CONSISTING OF 2 VIOLINS by A. GUARNERUS and A. STRADIVARIUS, 2 VIOLONCELLOS by F. RUGGERI, BINKS, 2 TENORS by GUARNERUS, BANKS, DODDS BOW. THE MUSIC, BOUND AND IN COVERS, COMPRISES SETS OF QUINTETS, QUARTETS, TRIOS, DUETS, &c., BY HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, CORELLI, OSWALD, ROMBERG, SPOR, AND OTHERS. THE SELECT MEDICAL AND GENERAL LIBRARY, OBSTETRICAL AND OTHER SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, BROUGHAM AND OTHER CARRIAGES.

CLOWES & NASH are favoured with directions from the Executor to sell the above by AUCTION on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 15th and 16th April, 1880. The Musical and Surgical Instruments, Musical, General, and Surgical Library, and Carriages will be sold on the 16th, commencing at Eleven o'clock.

THE MANHON STABLES and Professional GOODWILL are to be sold on WEDNESDAY, 14th April.

Descriptive Catalogues and Particulars will be forwarded by post, on application at the Auctioneers' Office—Bank Chambers, Norwich.

MR VAL NICHOLSON will play Violin Solos: "Adagio" (Spohr), "Ballade et Polonaise" (Vieuxtemps), in the E flat Sonata by Hummel, and the Grand Duo on *La Favorita* by De Beriot, at Haverstock Hill, April 13th; Hereford, 15th; Sandown, Isle of Wight, 19th. Address—50, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MDME FRANCES BROOKE will sing HENRY SMART'S "LADY OF THE LEA," during the month at Shrewsbury, Newcastle, &c.; and, on May 1, at Miss Lillie Albrecht's Concert, Lowndes Square.

"THE YACHTMAN'S SONG."

MR D. F. HORNER (pupil of Mr John Cross) will sing MR WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new "YACHTMAN'S SONG," on April 21st, at the Cavendish Rooms.

"I NAVIGANTI."

MISS KATE THOMAS, MR EDWARD LARRETT, and MR ARTHUR GRAMME (pupils of Mr John Cross) will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Cavendish Rooms, April 21.

"I NAVIGANTI."

MISS MARION BERRINGTON, MR JOHN CROSS, and MR FRANK WARD will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Myddelton Hall, April 14.

"I'M AN ALSATIAN."

MISS MARION BERRINGTON and MR JOHN CROSS will sing OFFENBACH'S popular Duet (from his operetta, *Lisichen and Fritschen*), "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Myddelton Hall, April 14.

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NEW VOCAL QUARTET.

ALICE, WHERE ART THOU? Arranged for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass by G. B. ALLEN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"HER VOICE."

"HER VOICE." IGNACE GIBSON'S popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by Mame ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Saturday evening Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's new melodramatic opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, was played before a crowded audience, to the accompaniment of incessant laughter and applause. Though the first performance in London, this was not the first in England. For considerations of copyright, the work was produced at the little theatre of Paignton, in South Devon, on Dec. 30 last, twenty-four hours prior to its *début* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. The Paignton performance, preceding that in the Empire City, secured for the authors all rights under the English law; while, as long as the words and music remain unpublished, which is likely to be for some time, they enjoy, at least partially, equivalent privileges under the common law of the United States. No one will blame Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan for endeavouring thus to profit by their joint labours, although the course adopted necessarily deprives the public of the advantage of following the performance book in hand, as well as of taking the music to their own homes. It will at once be assumed that the new opera is built upon the lines of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and that it represents a further working of the peculiar vein of humour which first diverted the town in *Trial by Jury*. This is emphatically the case. Indeed, if anything, *The Pirates* rather too strongly suggests the *Pinafore*. We see the Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., of the one in the Major-General Stanley of the other; while the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the First Lord re-appear in the four-and-twenty daughters of the scarlet-clad warrior. Little Buttercup has her double in Ruth, the pirate maid-of-all-work, and it is not difficult to detect a likeness between Ralph Rackstraw and Frederic, the pirate apprentice. The new opera, we grant, is not less diverting on this account—there may even be advantages in ringing the changes on types of character so popular—but a question arises as to how soon those types and also Mr Gilbert's set form of humour will be worked out. True, the machinery by which Mr Gilbert produces laughter is capable of very varied application. The whole world with all that it contains lies before him, to be topsy-turvyed at pleasure; and he need not avoid restriction to a limited range of character in order, it may be, to keep fast hold upon public regard. In what his humour consists everybody knows. One of the most prolific sources of laughter is the unexpected association of incongruous ideas, and Mr Gilbert draws upon it in a manner peculiar to himself. As a rule, humour of this kind is self-conscious, not to say rollicking. Those concerned in it have, so to speak, put on the livery and taken the wages of Nonsense. But the drollery of Mr Gilbert's characters is the more mirth-provoking for the gravity and apparent good faith with which they do and say the wildest and, as regards probability, most outrageous things. Our author carries us into what looks like real life, to show its realism under the influence of pure phantasy, and it is the juxtaposition of ordinary people and things with motives, speech, and action possible only on the assumption that the world has turned upside down, which excites so keen a sense of the ludicrous. At present all this is fresh, and we should make much of it. More, we should encourage it because it gives pleasure of the purest and most legitimate kind. There is nothing in Mr Gilbert's librettos to shock the most sensitive nature, and their success demonstrates what, at one time, seemed hardly credible—that, outside its music, a comic opera need not appeal to anything save a perception of harmless and healthy fun.

The story of *The Pirates of Penzance* is represented in two acts, the first of which takes place on a rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall, the period being the present. And because the period is the present we see, when the curtain rises, a gang of pirates attired in the fashion of the typical sea rover of long ago. These gentlemen are carousing in honour of Frederic (Mr George Power), just then out of his indentures as their apprentice. Frederic means to abandon the trade, with which he became connected through a mistake on the part of his nurse, Ruth (Miss Emily Cross), who, as she explains, should have bound him, not to a pirate, but a pilot. Animated by a sense of duty, Frederic has served his time, and now

declares that, though loving the band individually with affection unspeakable, he intends also, from a sense of duty, devoting himself to their collective extermination. His comrades fully appreciate this conscientiousness, and, before going off, beg that he will put them to death, when the time comes, in a manner as swift and painless as possible. Left alone with Ruth, who wishes to accompany him, Frederic explains that, though she is very dear, and has told him she is beautiful, he must be circumspect and not pledge his troth hastily to the only woman he has ever seen, since others may be still more charming. At this moment female voices are heard, and Frederic, looking off, cries out in rapture at the loveliness of the forms he beholds. To abjure Ruth, as a deceiver, is his first impulse, and the pirate maid-of-all-work goes her way in despair, while Frederic conceals himself, and the many daughters of Major-General Stanley, all expensively arrayed, appear on the rocks above. The ladies, believing themselves unobserved, propose to take off their shoes and stockings and paddle in the water, but as soon as a shoe is removed, Frederic emerges from hiding, and begs them to forbear. They retreat, each on one foot, thinking scorn of the young pirate as he confesses his readiness to love the most unmarried maiden who will help to redeem him. At length the heart of one of them, Mabel (Miss Marian Hood), is touched. She will save him by her affection, and, though her sisters are shocked, they remain to play propriety and to listen. The result is that they fall into the hands of the returned pirates, who congratulate each other on "a first-rate opportunity to get married with impunity." At this juncture the Major-General (Mr Grossmith) appears, of course, in full-dress uniform, and, after proclaiming himself the very pattern of his rank, asks, "What's going on?" The situation having been explained, the General, knowing the tender-heartedness of pirates towards orphans, pleads for mercy on the (false) ground that he is one of that interesting class. Though terrible and bloody men, the sea-rovers cannot resist the plea. For the sake of the orphan father, they liberate the captive daughters, and the curtain falls as the General, who flourishes a Union Jack, Frederic, Mabel, and the girls go off on one side, while the Pirate King (Mr R. Temple), bearing a death's-head flag, disappears with his band on the other.

The second act shows a ruined chapel on the Major-General's estate, and also the Major-General himself, weeping bitter tears upon the tombs for the falsehood by which he escaped the pirates. He has sullied the family escutcheon, and, though Mabel and Frederic, now a cavalry officer, point out that the estate has only just been bought, he insists that he has bought the ancestors also, and is the "descendant by purchase" of those to whose ashes reparation must be made. Frederic is now about to exterminate the pirates, and his "escort lion-hearted" enters in the shape of a dozen policemen, commanded by a sergeant (Mr R. Barrington). The constables are enjoined to "go to death and glory," expressions considered by them as well meant if not cheering. At last, after a good deal of hesitation, they set out, Frederic remaining behind to gloat over the act of duty and vengeance he is about to perform. But the current of his thoughts is interrupted in startling fashion. The Pirate King and Ruth rush forward, put a pistol to his head, and—here Mr Gilbert borrows or repeats an incident from Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*—entreat his mercy, which, under the circumstances, the young officer does not withhold. Then the astonished Frederic learns that he is not "out of his time" after all. The indenture bound him till his twenty-first birthday, and, as he was born in Leap Year on February 29th, he cannot get free till 1940. It is now his turn to implore compassion; but the Pirate King appeals to a sense of duty, and at once the young man submits. Again a pirate, Frederic reveals the fact that General Stanley is not an orphan, and *never was one*. Enraged at the deceit practised upon him, the Pirate King, with Ruth, rushes off to collect his band and attack the castle, leaving Frederic to a farewell interview with Mabel, who swears to wait till 1940 for the man of her choice. As he goes away the police enter, learn from Mabel that their leader has deserted to the enemy, and express themselves emphatically on the discomforts of a constabulary life. Hearing the pirates advancing, they conceal themselves, as the

pirates also do, when, after noisily asserting silence, they see the General approach to learn the cause of so much uproar. After him come the girls in their dressing-gowns, and then, his prey being within the meshes, the Pirate King orders the General to be seized. The police interfere, there is a short struggle, the staff goes down before the cutlass, and might threatens triumph over right, till, by a happy inspiration, the sergeant commands the pirates to surrender in the name of the Queen. Uplifted swords at once drop, the prostrate constables rise, each collaring his man, and justice is in the ascendant, when Ruth steps forward declaring that the pirates are all noblemen who have gone wrong. Hearing this the police avow that "with all our faults we love our House of Peers," and, after liberating the prisoners, sing "Hail, House of Peers, all hail, all hail! Where wisdom goes in strict entail." Then the whole party pair off, and the curtain drops. How Mr Gilbert has treated in dialogue the many droll situations of this story may be imagined. Every page—we had almost said every line—of the libretto provokes laughter by the serious matter-of-fact way in which the wild absurdity of the plot is set forth. At each step in the progress of the drama we meet with a startling but perfectly sedate incongruity, and in the end are reduced almost to believe that the actualities of life have got "mixed," and that, in a special sense, "things are not what they seem." Another excellence of the libretto appears in the verses for music. Whether rippling with humour, or impregnated with sentiment, these are all capital, and their variety of rhythm and structure is just what a libretto should supply for the purpose of musical contrast and effect.

Mr Sullivan's share of the work has been not less well done than that of his clever colleague. Indeed, from a musical point of view, *The Pirates of Penzance* is a distinct improvement upon both *Trial by Jury* and *H. M. S. Pinafore*. There is scarcely a dull bar in it; while every number not only pleases by its adaptedness to the theme and situation, but presents features upon which the connoisseur, who is not content with ear-tickling melodies, can dwell with satisfaction. As usual, Mr Sullivan excels in his treatment of the orchestra. Most happy effects of tone-colour frequently demand notice, and not seldom the writing for the instruments is distinguished by touches that reveal the hand of one who can think independently and is not a mere layer out of accompaniments according to rule. It is hard to say whether Mr Sullivan's humorous or sentimental music carries off the palm. But it need not be said at all that the composer has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the dramatist—so thoroughly that the result of their joint labours is as though it were the product of only one mind. With the utmost flexibility Mr Sullivan follows the turnings and windings of Mr Gilbert's eccentric fancy, and it can never be said that the one is not as funny or as pathetic as the other. More examples of this lie to hand than can possibly be quoted; but mention may be made of the exquisite madrigal, "Oh, leave me not to live," sung by Mabel and Frederic at their farewell interview; the effective song, "I am a Pirate King;" the charming chorus for the General's daughters, "Climbing over rocky mountain;" the entire music to the scene in which Mabel declares her love for Frederic; the Sergeant's song, "When the foeman bears his steel," and the policemen's chorus, "When a felon's not engaged in his employment." Even the mention of these undoubted successes is almost invidious, with so much felicity has Mr Sullivan done his work throughout. . . . Applause was the order of the evening. Piece after piece had to be repeated, re-call followed re-call, and the theatre echoed continuously with laughter, which merged in a thunder of congratulation as Mr Sullivan, who conducted, and Mr Gilbert appeared before the curtain. Nobody complains of this. The success of *The Pirates of Penzance* was great, and all deserved.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *Kalaschnikoff*, the *Merchant of St Petersburg*, prohibited by the police after the first few performances, is now reinstated by authority. Other works, however, have been officially interdicted—among them being Mussogorski's *Boris Godunow*, Tolstoi's *Death of Ivan the Terrible*, and Ostrowski's *Wassiliass Melentjeva*. (Why?—DR BLIDGE.)

THE MACFARREN PROGRAMME.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Some time ago a correspondent addressed you briefly on the subject of a concert given somewhere in the country, the programme of which consisted exclusively of selections from the vocal and instrumental works of George Alexander Macfarren. Your correspondent promised to send the programme, but has not kept his word; at any rate, I have sought for it vainly in your columns. Yesterday afternoon I happened to look in at the "Duke and Boot," Stony Stratford, for a slight refectation. I chanced to open a local paper which lay beseechingly before me on the table, as if desirous of being read. "Paper," said I, "thou shalt be read—spread forth thy leaves." It spread them forth, and on one of them I found—in the advertisement columns—the programme I had dreamed of. I tore it out hurriedly, and when the waiter came in with my bread and cheese and ale, asked him, conscience-stricken, how much could I have the paper for. "Oh," he said, "it is not a Stony Stratford paper, it has been here for a month." In the plenitude of satisfaction, as of one to whom a long want had been unexpectedly supplied, I gave him sixpence; but when I got home found that I had forgotten the paper from which I had torn out the advertisement. Here, however, is the selection of pieces, with the names of the performers, vocal and instrumental:—

PART I.—Overture, "Festival"; Choral Song, "Who is Sylvia?" (Shakspere Songs, No. 5); Vocal Trio, "The Troubadour"—Miss Tucker, Mrs Gimblet, and Mr Herbert Davis; Song, with Flute *obligato* "Pack Clouds away"—Mr J. R. Davis; flute, Mr F. J. Cheek; Part Song, "A Maiden I love dearly"; Vocal Duet, "The Fairy Ring"—Miss Tucker and Miss E. R. Geen; Sonata in B flat, for Flute and Pianoforte—Mr F. J. Cheek and Mr Thomas J. Dudeney; Choral Song, "When icicles hang" (Shakspere Songs, No. 2); Song with clarinet *obligato*, "A Widow Bird"—Miss Tucker; clarinet, Mr Lionel Chaffin; Vocal Trio, "The Three Dreams"—Mrs Ayres, Mr J. R. Davis, and Mr Tompkins; Part Song, "The Cuckoo sings" (*She Stoops to Conquer*)—Poetry by E. Fitzball.

PART II.—Overture, *Chevy Chase*; Choral Song, "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Shakspere Songs, No. 13); Vocal Trio, "The Knight's Return," "Merrily ring the Bells"—Miss Corner, Miss E. R. Geen, and Mr Kille; Song with Chorus, "When Bacchus invented" (*Don Quixote*), Poetry by G. Macfarren—Mr Herbert Davis; Concerto in G, for Flute and Orchestra—Mr F. J. Cheek; Cantata, *May-day*—For Soprano Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.

Where the concert took place I fail to remember. But does not the programme breathe of choice things that belong to all time and all seasons of the year—a genial, healthy English programme? I think it does. So do you, for which reason, although I don't know you personally, I sign myself your sincere well-wisher,

JOSEPH WALLNUT MIDEAR.

Ashby de la Zouche, April 6th.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL. Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 8th:—

Overture, <i>Gutenberg</i>	J. L. Hutton.
Andante, in A major (Posthumous Work)	H. Smart.
Adagio and Fugue, in D major	Alex. Guilman.
Pastorale and Allegro Gioioso	W. T. Best.
Andantino, in E major	C. V. Alkan.
Finale to the Fourth Organ Symphony	C. M. Wider.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 10th:—

Rhapsodie sur Cantiques Bretons, No. 2, in D major	C. Saint-Saëns.
Andante, from the Seventh Symphony	Haydn.
Allegretto Vivace, in A minor	G. Morandi.
Introduction and Fugue, in C sharp minor	S. S. Wesley.
Impromptu, in C minor, Op. 90	Schubert.
Overture, <i>King Stephen</i>	Beethoven.

* * * Why does Mr Best never introduce at his Organ recitals one of the many admirable slow movements of Dussek—any of them worth bushels of Alkans and such like? D. B.

MUNICH.—Herren Falter & Son, Music-Publishers to the King, got up during the winter a series of Popular Concerts with the object of introducing artists of eminence from other parts of Germany or abroad, and of giving the public high-class music at a moderate charge. The experiment did not prove a financial success, but there are hopes that it will be repeated next season.

LISZT AT VIENNA.

"Den Esel zum Doctor machen."



Raucherhammer, Zebrashoff, Wien.

DR. ZAUME.—I've been to Liszt's Stiller-Freitags Concert. Oh, for those heavenly Bells of Strassburg Cath—

MAJOR RIFFINGTON PIPE.—Take that for your Strassburg Bells. Give me the Foie Gras. (Exit Dr Zaume, suffocated.)

(From the Neue Freie Presse.)

"An attraction of an unusual description characterised the Extraordinary Concert given by the Society of the Friends of Music on the evening of Good Friday. Liszt was to be seen—Liszt, standing at the flower-adorned conductor's desk, and holding in his hand a small conducting-stick, which he occasionally used with a distinguished air. The programme comprised only three compositions, all by himself: a Vocal Mass, then *Die Ideale* (a symphonic poem), and, lastly, *Die Glocken der Strassburger Münster*. A man certainly requires a deeply contemplative and Passion-Weekish frame of mind to sit out a concert and listen while an entire mass is being performed merely by men's voices with organ accompaniment. Among the very unusual and exceptional masses for the execution of which in the concert-room a good justification may be found, most decidedly nobody will include this Vocal Mass of Liszt's, deficient as it is in all orchestral adornment. Its proper place is undoubtedly the church, and the work might have been written specially for one of those rigorously conducted sacred institutions (like the Sixtine Chapel, in Rome, or All Saints', in Munich), where all instrumental accompaniments are on principle excluded. The narrow range and similarity of character peculiar to four-part male singing must produce monotony in the course of any long composition, and the monotony will be felt most acutely in a mass when heard in a concert-room, where, without the help of religious reverence and sacred surroundings, we can seek only musical edification. The powerful organ accompaniment, which in Liszt's Mass progresses with the melody, proves a doubtful acquisition; employed sparingly, and as much as possible alternating and contrasting with the chorus, it would work better. When, however, the organ, with all its stops blustering forth, over-rides the melody, it changes the monotony from simple monotony to deafening monotony. The most agreeable effect is produced by the 'Kyrie,' which is naturally rounded without being commonplace, devout without straining after symbolica-

tion.* But the composer cannot, it is true, suffer this simplicity long; he soon seeks in the accumulation of striking modulations to atone for the instrumental opportunities he renounces, and some of these (in the 'Agnus Dei,' for example) are among the most abrupt and ungrateful ever confided to the intonation of singers not 'infallible.' Whether the Mass and the compositions which followed transported or merely satisfied the audience, or actually wearied them, we cannot decide. That is a question not to be determined when Liszt's compositions are recommended by the magic of his own personality. His power of fascination is undeniable; very many among the audience listen with indifference, or more probably dissatisfaction, but their eyes are fixed on Liszt, and—they applaud.

"With *Die Ideale*, a 'symphonic poem,' founded on Schiller's verses, we became acquainted twenty years ago, when the then young Tausig produced it with other orchestral compositions from the same source. Since then, we have dwelt so often and so exhaustively upon Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen* that we dare not tire the reader with repetitions. *Die Ideale* has the merits and defects of its eleven symphonic sisters. Step by step, with the strictness of a ballet-programme, the music follows Schiller's verses, seeking to bribe hearers by a special poetic interest not its own. The orchestration, sparkling with a thousand effects, is a showy garment covering a badly nourished and weakly body. Now and then there crops up a melodic fragment, such, for instance, as the four-bar motive in E flat major, intended to illustrate the words: 'Wie einst mit sehendem Verlangen Pygmalion den Stein umschloss.' Such themes, or rather thematic beginnings, are not organically developed in Liszt, but incessantly repeated, diluted, and starved. The pompous final movement, eked out with Turkish music, ends by exhibiting in the gaudy splendour of a military parade the would-be ideality of the *Ideale* contemplated.

"Whatever objections may be urged against the Vocal Mass and *Die Ideale* both are works of high art compared to Liszt's last tone-poem, *Die Glocken des Strassburger Münster*. Written for barytone solo, mixed chorus, full orchestra, and organ, this composition belongs to the class of dramatised concert-ballads, which Schumann cultivated in his last period. The poem (by Longfellow) consists exclusively of dramatic dialogue, and the action is laid round the top of the Cathedral spire. Lucifer commands the Evil Spirits to attack the Cross, as holding them up to scorn. But the Cathedral Bells peal out and frustrate the criminal design. Five times is Lucifer's summons repeated with ever increasing vehemence, followed by the hesitating reply of the Spirits of the air and the pious chorus of the bells. The bells play something like the part of yard-dogs, whose energetic barking frightens intending thieves. In the end, the Demons abandon their attempt and sweep furiously away while the Gregorian Chant with organ accompaniment is heard swelling through the Cathedral.†

"It is no easy task for us to enounce our opinion of this peculiar work—its composer's last.‡ We would fain bear in mind the respect due to Liszt as a man, the admiration entertained for him as a genial artist, the veneration enforced by his years. Yet we must candidly state the impression produced on ourselves individually by a work introduced with high pretensions and lavish resources. The Bells of Strassburg Cathedral will long ring in our ears! When this Christian legend, steeped in Turkish music, had reached the culminating point, when the most awe-inspiring dissonances came closer and closer upon one another, when the imploring cries of ill-treated human voices mingled in the wild strife of kettle-drums, horns, and trombones, and when to all th's were added incessantly pealing Bells, we felt that Music lay dead on the ground, while the Strassburg Bells were tolling for her funeral.

"EDUARD HANSLICK."

Mdlle Anna Verhulst, the pianist, has been giving concerts in Elberfeld and Aix-la-Chapelle.

* Sublime without whiskers and melancholy without a white-waistcoat (*Leigh Hunt*).—D. T.

† The score requires four large bells in the deep bass tones, E flat, E, F, and F sharp. The expense of procuring and, still more, the difficulty of putting these bells on the concert-platform, caused them to be replaced on the present occasion by two gongs, a large one and a small one, with the effect of which the composer expressed himself highly satisfied.

‡ No such luck, we fear.—D. T.

A PIRATES REHEARSAL.

(From Dexter Smith's "Musical Record.")

The following is a graphic account of a rehearsal of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, in Philadelphia, under the personal direction of Mr W. S. Gilbert:—

"No—no—no, no, n-no! Stop—stop there now! You haven't got the ideah at all, you know."

The speaker was Mr Gilbert, the scene the South Broad Street Theatre. The stage was crowded with people, but the house was empty in front, save where the popular manager, Fred. Zimmermann, sat chatting to a couple of friends and watching with interest and admiration the thoroughly energetic manner in which the pirates were being drilled into practical form by the man whose genius had created them. Mr Gilbert was not on the stage at all. He walked rapidly up and down the aisle in the parquet, watching with critical eye every movement of the company, and making them toe the mark every time. He is not an Adonis, this man of *Pinafore* and the *Pirates*. A bluff-looking six-footer, with the English mutt-on-chop regulation-whiskers blanking the American regulation-moustache, with a clear grey eye, in which there is rarely the slightest hint of humour, and with a fine florid complexion, a receipt for lots of out-door exercise and a guarantee of perfect physical health, he is the very model of a Britisher whose contact with the world has made him cosmopolitan, whose reputation has not spoiled him, and whose deserved fortune is enjoyed without vulgar ostentation or display. He is not above his business. The people engaged for the season know that. Business! Why, he is never apparently as much in earnest as when he settles right down to work to drill the company into a degree of perfection satisfactory to himself. And he does it. There must be no nonsense. Everything must be gotten down to the finest point, and then, and only then, the rehearsal goes on. Gilbert and Sullivan have been written up in all kinds of style, and *bon mots* of the one are as popular as the jingling airs of the other; but it isn't often that Gilbert gives a performance in the rôle of stage-manager.

"No, no, no! Now wont you pay attention, please? That will have to be done again!"—and, as he speaks, Mr Gilbert places his arms akimbo and stands in the aisle like a miniature Colossus of Rhodes. "Say that as if you meant it," he goes on, "and then go across to the left and stand so," and he strikes the required attitude. Everybody on and off the stage watches him intently, and the pretty young lady whom he is coaching—an earnest girl in love with her work, but just now quite nervous—tries to imitate his position.

"Yes; that's better! And now go on." It is at the moment when the ladies, some twenty in number, come on and survey their surroundings in the pirates' port of the coast of Cornwall. "Why, what a picturesque spot; I wonder where we are?" is the query of the ladies. "Don't say it like that! Now, if you were really to come to such a spot, you know, you would express some surprise, wouldn't you? Of course you would. Now try that again, please." They try again. "Ah! quite so, that's better now," remarks the gratified author as his idea is caught and acted, and the rehearsal proceeds. The young ladies are encouraged and wake up lively, anxiously awaiting their papa (the Major-General), who has not yet put in an appearance. Everything moves along smoothly until the lady speaks the lines, "We are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanted spot," in a rather sing-song sort of way. "No, no!" interrupts Mr Gilbert, "repeat those lines as I do," and he gives them the proper emphasis and intonation. The lady follows as well as she can. "That's not quite the point yet, you know," and the patient author repeats them again. So does the lady, and this time hits the measure exactly.

Frederic, the piratical lieutenant, finally appears just as the ladies, having arrived at the conclusion that they are "the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanted spot," are about to remove their shoes to wade along the beach. In fact, each has one shoe removed when Frederic appears, informing them that they are not in absolute solitude, and when he further adds that he is a pirate, one of the funniest episodes in the piece occurs. The troop of girls, holding each one a shoe in her hand, hop back in terror on covered foot. But this has to be well done for effect. The first hop was not a success. "Not that way, ladies; not that way," shouts Mr Gilbert, and a brief pantomimic example of his idea is given as an accompaniment. It is not a success—the lesson—so far as the ladies are concerned. Mr Gilbert gets impatient and clambers over the seats to the stage, where, pirouetting on one foot, he hops three skips and triumphantly adds: "It's quite easy, you know; now try that!" They try it again, but again it is a failure. Mr Gilbert gets impatient. "It's so simple you know," he explains, as he again hops across the stage with an airy disregard of appear-

ances very comical. "Just try, ladies, if you can't get that idea right, you know!" And these models of professional patience try to get the "ideah" right. But they don't to any alarming extent. Mr Gilbert hops some more and the ladies also hop ("it's quite a hopera," somebody suggests, and is immediately rewarded with the compliment, "very good—very good"). But the "hoperaic" part of the performance is not perfected, and it is only after ten minutes hard work that it is satisfactory to all concerned.

Then another scene between Mabel and Frederic follows, in which the chorus have quite an effective part to perform, and they do it at the first trial to the best of their ability. Again it doesn't please the exacting author and whilom stage-manager. "Try that again ladies," he suggests. They try it again, half sitting and half leaning on their hands, and forming what will be an exceedingly pretty picture. But it isn't pretty just now, and it isn't by half what Mr Gilbert thinks it should be. "Now please pay attention," he pleads, and then goes on to tell them how it ought to be done; and at last when it is all right, Cellier, who is leading the orchestra of twenty-six pieces, gives the signal, and the music begins. As Frederic and Mabel sing, Mr Gilbert is actively at work poisoning the ladies, and then the pirates get ready and come on, seizing the ladies as if they were fragile pieces of china which would crumble at a touch. "Oh! nonsense. Come, now, you know pirates don't seize ladies that way," observes Mr Gilbert, at the same time giving a practical demonstration of how any regular good orthodox pirate would seize a lady. The pirates seize accordingly, with a firm grip and with something like piratical energy. The ladies quietly resign themselves to their fate. "Now why don't you ladies struggle; ladies don't submit to the pirates so easily. Struggle, now; won't you please?" and the author gives his hands a sounding bang to emphasize his meaning. The ladies struggle in a lady-like manner. "No—no! no! You must struggle more than that," urges Mr Gilbert; and, as he speaks, he illustrates a frantic female trying to escape from the grasp of a bold, bad pirate. "That's the idea, you know." By-and-bye he gets them to realize just what he means, and the Major-General at last makes his appearance. Willie Seymour, who made such a pronounced hit as the Admiral in *Pinafore*, has the part, and it couldn't be in better hands. Seymour begins the little dialogue which precedes his song of the "Model Major-General," and the other characters who take part in this dialogue are on hand with their lines, letter-perfect, but pointless and spiritless.

"Not that way," expostulates Mr Gilbert. "Can't you say it so? 'Here we are again!'" The King immediately responds, "There we are again." Mr Gilbert gets impatient. "Not 'There we are again,' but 'Here we are again.' Begin that over again please, Mr Seymour." Mr Seymour begins it again, and gets up to the critical point, when the gentleman who is to play the King once more repeats "There we are again." "Here—Here—Here we are again. Now, do please remember that, will you?"

And then the gentleman remembers it, and the fun goes on. It is all action, and Mr Gilbert's voice is heard continually reproving one, encouraging another, and giving advice to a third. He apparently never wearies, and has his own ideas about every bit of the stage business—and capital ideas they are. His greatest annoyance is the listlessness of some of the people, and once, when that was more glaring than usual to-day, he said to the ladies: "Look here now, ladies. Those ladies who have speaking parts are your mouthpieces. They say what you would if you were entrusted with speaking parts—which you never will be so long as you don't pay attention to your business." There was an immediate revival of interest on the stage.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of this afternoon, the angelic Anna Mehlig (of the "inquiry-motive" eyes) is to play Father Liszt's diabolic concerto in E flat. Mr Dannreuther, however—with the complacency of "higher development"—will point out the "metamorphosis of themes," the transmogrification of harmonies, and other Eleusynian mysteries, of which Iamblichus (or Jamblichus) himself was, with Haefferish serenity, unaware.

MADRID.—Señor Sarasate has given four successful concerts here. Among other things he has played the Violin Concertos of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Max Bruch, besides his own "Gipsy Melodies," which pleased most of all. Señor Sarasate has undertaken a "provincial" tour, in the course of which he will give concerts at Malaga, Seville, Cadiz, and Barcelona. He will visit likewise Lisbon and Oporto. (Why don't he add something new to his repertory?—DR BLIDGE.)

HENRI WIENIAWSKI.

A sad piece of intelligence has reached us from Moscow. Henri Wieniawski died in that city on the 2nd inst. As we are aware, he had long suffered from heart disease complicated by dropsy. Some weeks ago, there was a decided improvement in the state of his health, but a fresh attack has suddenly carried him off. Henri Wieniawski was born at Lublin (Poland), on the 10th July, 1835. Having come to Paris, while still very young, with his mother, he was admitted into M. Massart's class at the Conservatory, and made such rapid progress that in 1846, at the age of eleven, he obtained the first prize. From that moment he began giving concerts. He visited successively St Petersburg and Moscow, and then, after having returned to Paris for the purpose of completing his musical studies, travelled through Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Poland, in which countries his fine talent found everywhere numerous admirers. In 1864, the Emperor Alexander appointed him solo violinist in the Imperial Chapel. But Wieniawski could not remain long in Russia. He soon left it for America, where he travelled about for nearly two years. Having returned to Europe after the war of 1870-71, he gave some brilliant concerts in Paris and in several towns of Belgium. At the end of 1874, he was invited by M. Gevaert to direct the higher violin classes in the Brussels Conservatory, after the resignation of Vieuxtemps.

Henri Wieniawski was a great artist, and, down to his latest years, the originality full of charm and the spirited brilliancy of his playing kept him in the first rank, among the most eminent violinists of the age. Side by side with Joachim, Wilhelmj, Sarasate, and Strauss, his was an artistic physiognomy sharply characterised and frankly personal. An accomplished virtuoso, he charmed his audience by the elegance of his phrasing and astonished them by the boldness of his flights. He loved virtuosity for its own sake and sought out difficulties which no one ever surmounted with more dexterity and ease. He possessed in a supreme degree the art of captivating his public, and he enjoyed that rare triumph for an artist of exciting admiration so enthusiastic as to be unjust towards his rivals. It is doubtful, however, whether he will leave a school behind him. A virtuoso and an executive artist beyond aught else, his appearance as a teacher was but short. Hardly was he installed as professor of the violin in the Brussels Conservatory ere he was again seized with the longing to appear in public, and gave up his post to resume his wandering concert-life. His re-appearance in Germany and Russia were followed up by new triumphs, but the fever and agitation of such a life of publicity accelerated the development of the disease which has ended so prematurely.

As a composer, Wieniawski holds an honourable place among his brother violinists. He has left a large number of pieces for his instrument, and many of them such as the "Légende," the "Fantasia on Faust," the "Airs Russes," &c., belong to the current concert repertory.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris.*

[The ignorance of most of our foreign contemporaries about what musically concerns England, or perhaps their contempt for us insulars, has rarely been shown more emphatically than in the foregoing account of the artistic career of Henri Wieniawski, whose fine talent was as warmly appreciated in this country as anywhere else. Wieniawski led Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat at the first Monday Popular Concert, on Feb. 14, 1859; and has been repeatedly a visitor among us. As a virtuoso he had very few rivals, and in fact will rank in art-history as one of the greatest of violinists.—*OTTO BEHR.*]

The Merchants' Guild of Dantzic has voted Herr Benno Stolzenberg, manager of the Stadttheater, an annual grant of 12,000 marks.

"WATSON'S SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD."*
(From the "Times.")

Mr Alfred E. T. Watson is a *littérateur* by profession; he informs us that at present he is editor of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and that several of the "sketches" he has reprinted appeared originally as contributions to its columns. We should be the less surprised, then, to find his pages are pleasantly free from the blemishes that make too many sporting books an intolerable weariness to the spirit. We are delighted to miss those stock quotations from the classics that garble the reports of runs and race meetings, and to find that he has the habit of conveying his ideas without pressing unintelligible or inappropriate words into his service. In short, these "Sketches in the Hunting Field" are light and lively, and have the merit of being dashed off closely from the life with telling touches of humour. Mr Watson has been fortunate, besides, in finding such an artist as Mr Sturgess to illustrate his meaning; and, so far as the critic of their united labour can judge, the pair go very smoothly in harness together. A glance over Mr Sturgess's clever drawings, several of which awaken pleasant recollections of Leech, gives a good general notion of the contents of the chapters. Mr Watson's leading types might be picked out for the most part from any ordinary hunting field. Perhaps the most entertaining of them are to be found in the counties within easy reach of London, where rich sporting cockneys indulge in a pursuit which may rather be said to be a fashion than a taste with them. There is the man who is great over the mahogany after dinner, but is inclined to shirk the slightest fences in reality. There is the genuine City sportsman, whose "pluck" should be incontestable, since he is a punctual attendant at all the meets, where he is always in mortal terror. There is the man who exaggerates so naturally and so consistently that at last he comes to believe his fictions for gospel. And, more objectionable still, there is the young city-bred hunting lady, who, assuming that she is invariably welcome and admired, taxes the courtesy of the hunt and its master to the uttermost by *bévue* committed at the most unseasonable times. On the other hand, we have a group of thoroughbred sportsmen, from the aristocratic master who is idolized by his field, to Tom Maizeley, the sturdy farmer who loves to go out for the sake of the sport, but is by no means addicted to showy riding. These, with huntmen, whips, dealers, and crack steeple-chase riders, make up the contents of a pleasant volume, which, apart from Mr Sturgess's admirable studies, well deserves the honour of republication.

[Cheery companion (by happy accident) from Coblenz to Bayreuth (A.D. 1876), good fellow, who stayed at Würzburg, instead of pursuing the journey to Bamberg, at the risk of missing trunk and hose, for the sake of raising the spirits of a somewhat despondent *camarade*, on the same errand as thyself, acting the double part of comforter and physician—all hail; That partnership in travel, without which one or two might never have reached the Bayreuth bourne; that frugal dinner at the Krone-Prinz; enlivened by some cup (or cups) of honest Rhenish; that co-listening to the strains of Beethoven's Septet, played by two invisible charmers (ladies we knew by their gentle touch), as a pianoforte duet; that moonlight ride about the old city and its environs, during which thou didst recount the vicissitudes of an early and adventurous youth; that telegram to Wilhelmj, which found no response; that dreary arrival at Bayreuth (such a contrast to all that had gone before), will never be forgotten by one of us two. Hail to thee, Alfred Watson!—oasis in the Desert, comforter, where comfort most desirable was most ungetable. May thy shadow never be less! And yet I fear thee—being beholden to thee still for four marks. And yet again, I retain the marks in the hope that some day you may come and claim them. I prythee come.—D. PETERS.]

King and Beard.

A REQUEST FROM CLARA SCHUMANN.

Mad. Clara Schumann has published this request:—

"Being engaged in preparing for publication a biography of my husband, I beg to ask those who may possess any still unknown autograph documents of his, or who can communicate any interesting information of a personal character concerning him, kindly to entrust me for a short time with such biographical materials for inspection.

"CLARA SCHUMANN.

"32, Myliusstrasse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine."

[Who can turn a deaf ear to such a righteous application from so worthy a lady and so eminent an artist?]

* Chapman and Hall, 1880.

MADAME MONTIGNY - RÉMAURY

Begs to announce that she will arrive in London EARLY in APRIL.
All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs ERARD,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET.

DEATH.

On April 3rd, at Dundee, Mr JAMES PEARMAN, organist, in his 63rd year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LION IN THE DUMPS.—Never mind the Syren of Sinigaglia. Go see and hear *The Pirates of Penzance* at the Opéra-Comique. Should that not jerk you out of the dumps nothing possibly can. If you don't roar, you are hardly the lion for which, after by no means reading your long epistle to the tail, we are disinclined to take you.

A CHORISTER.—The late Dr Bexfield's oratorio, *Israel Restored*, was composed for, and produced at, the Norwich Festival of 1852, the same year as the late Hugh Pierson's *Jerusalem*.

RODOLINDA.—"Piquant" signifies pungent—*voilà tout*.

POLKAW.—Please don't write hexameters, hendecasyllables, &c., on one side of the paper and private communications on the other. We have only one copyist, who can neither read nor write; and that is the amalgamation of it. *Heu cauda!* Boulogne upon Sea is not far from London upon River.

JEHU DRIVER.—Never on any account, thou truculent son of many Nimshis! His sins were twenty fold, to be reckoned on as many nails, tonal and pedal. With shrunken shanks and shrivelled sides he stalked over the prairies like one who had swallowed dromedaries, or like an emaciated ostrich whose pigs of iron are exhausted! What?—a man who ate his ancestors? No, Driver, No!

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Mr John Boosey's new series of morning ballad concerts begins to-day, in St James's Hall, with a well-varied and interesting programme.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr Gye will begin his new season on Tuesday night with M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*. There is a rumour (we cannot vouch for its truth) that Mr Gye has engaged Mlle Caroline Salla, as a dramatic *prima donna* for the forthcoming season.

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS has been spending her Easter holiday with some friends in Derbyshire.

EDUARD HANSLICK.—There is a report that this distinguished critic will visit London during the progress of the Hans Richter Concerts. He should come in the real musical season, when the Popular Concerts go on in London, and the Crystal Palace Concerts at Sydenham.

SIGNOR NOUVELLI, the young tenor, who formed one of Mr Gye's company last season (his engagement at St Petersburg having terminated), is now at Seville, where his singing as Alfredo, in *La Traviata*, wins high commendation from the press.

MR GANZ's first Orchestral Concert takes place next Saturday morning, in St James's Hall, with a highly interesting and varied programme.

WE understand that more than one of the great German publishing firms are negotiating for a translation of Mr George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. This is pleasant news, though not at all surprising.

ON Tuesday Mr Arthur Sullivan crossed the Channel and sailed for Paris; to-day he re-crosses the Channel and rails for London. Steam both ways, and by both transports. Meanwhile, the London public has been transported in droves with *The Pirates of Penzance*.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S Farewell Concert at the Liverpool Philharmonic Society was a brilliant success, both artistically and financially. Lady Benedict played a duet with Mlle Schirmacher, Mesdames Albani and Trebelli both sang, and there were other great attractions. Our correspondent's letter arrived too late for this week's issue.

Freedom and Russia.

Poeta fit, non nascitur.



MAJOR TEMPEST (*furiously*).—Sir, Gladstone was a panderer to Russia.

DR CALM (*tranquilly*).—Tush! only while Beaconsfield was in office.

MAJOR TEMPEST.—Sir, Gladstone said "Bag and Baggage."

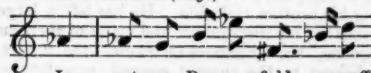
DR CALM.—So did Freeman of the *Saturday*, who was always down upon the *Times* about the Merovingian kings, and all that "parcel of rascals"—as Tom Paine in his *Age of Reason* describes the kings of Israel and Judah.

MAJOR TEMPEST.—Sir, I respect "Bag and Baggage."

DR CALM.—Without baggage the bag would be superfluous. Besides, had Gladstone been in office (ask "Atlas") he would have applied "Bag and Baggage" to Russia, instead of to Turkey.

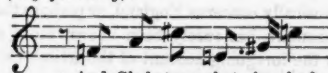
MAJOR TEMPEST.—Sir, the Bulgarian atrocities were far worse than the Turkish atrocities.

DR CALM.—Let us consider (*sings*):—



Is not your Bea-cons-field a muff?

MAJOR TEMPEST.—None of your Inquiry Motives, please. I can easily reply (*sings furiously*):—



And Glad-stone, what is he?

DR CALM.—Be quiet.

MAJOR TEMPEST.—I am a warrior.

DR CALM.—An ex-warrior. Compose yourself.

MAJOR TEMPEST.—I have acted a part in English history—

DR CALM.—Compose yourself.

MAJOR TEMPEST (*tempestuously*).—And I remember that nothing could pass anywhere all over the globe without England's advice and England's consent; and now (*more and more tempestuously*) Russia can make fools of us by pretending to give that constitutional freedom to the Slavs which it cannot afford to give at home. Faugh! Blow Gladstone, his baggage and his bag. Let him retire from public life, fell trees, and axe in hand, rest content.

DR CALM.—I must administer unto you a pill. You are out of yourself, and—

MAJOR TEMPEST.—I will have no pill, vegetable or mineral. I am not that Stanley who was very good at integral and differential calculus, knew the scientific names of beings animalculous—short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, was the very pattern of a modern major-gineral. I am not the soldier who captured and was captured by the Pirates of Penzance. I am, *cum grano*, a poet; and further—

DR CALM.—Then I will administer to you a box of pills in shape of—

MAJOR TEMPEST (*impatiently*).—In shape of?

DR CALM.—In shape of fifty-six Hexametrical versicles political, a careful reading of which will convince you of the shifty irregularity of your parliamentary hydrostatics.

MAJOR TEMPEST.—A thousand cannons! Read, then.

DR CALM.—Patience (*reads*):—

HEXAMETERS.

Is it the voice of the years we hear? Whose is that voice?
Is it despair in its tears? Is it strong dreams that rejoice?
Is it the old land awoken? Is it the voice of the sea?
Hark! Is it Freedom that's spoken?—'Tis all, 'tis the voice of thee.
The heart of the nations oppressed, the heart of the great salt flood,
The heart of the winds without rest, stirring and tingling the blood,
Shall England not listen when all these hearts beat through thee and speak,
—The words of her waves that call, the winds that are keen on her cheek?
Like one that cries in the night and calls on the sleeper to wake,
Whose voice has more music and might than the sound of the seas that break;
Like one that we vaguely see in the mist ere the morn's begun
Shewing the way that must be,—the way to the day and the sun;
Wast thou in the great high places looking all over the land,
From those hills where the North wind's face is, noble and sunlike and grand.
Thou hast stood like an obstinate rock in the midst of a stormy sea
Stark against every shock that was hurled in wild strength at thee.
More deep than that sea thou didst stand, than that sea thou didst stand more high,
With thy feet down deep in the sand and thy head held high to the sky.
And the tide and the stream of the ocean of wickedness passed thee and tore,
But thou didst withstand its motion of madness and riot and roar.
And as the great billows drove by and sucked and yawned to be fed,
The cold bitter spray leapt high, showering over thy head.
And heavy and furious clouds came down to o'erwhelm thee and choke,
Icily chill were their shrouds, dark and thick was their smoke:
Their might did smile on thy head, and thy face was dabbled with blood,
Their sound shook the land of the dead, they covered the world like a hood.
But thou didst answer their thunder with thunder of thine that was worse,
And thy lightning clave theirs in sunder, withered it, shrivelled its force.
Until a most frightful storm was gathered against thee in wrath,
Mountains of flood without form, hatred foam-spueing and froth.
Then the devil's ship with its load of tyrants and fools and slaves
Struck upon thee in its road, shivered and sank in the waves.
And there was great raging around thee, but thou wast mightily strong
And thy terrible anger crowned thee King of the haters of wrong.
The curse of the victims that fell, the tears of the women ashamed,
The souls that struggled from Hell where lust and oppression flamed,
Defencelessness dragged in the mire, spat on and mocked and downtrod
All these made thy words like to fire, and thy voice like the trumpet of God.
Yes, ghosts that were red with gore and white with dishonour and taint,
These filled thy soul with their roar, filled thy great heart with their plaint.
Ah! Thou wast most splendid then, a splendid lion at bay,
Champion of massacred men, standing and barring Hell's way.
The hornets and wasps of the carrion and rot might rise then and swarm,
They fell at the sound of the clarion of thee, thou King of the Storm.
Thy crown is woven of woe, 't is full of the needles of firs,
But they're the green laurels that grow more green for the cold blast's spurs.
The brow that wears it is worn and storm-tormented with strife,
But thence it may never be torn and it shall live longer than life.
They thought that Freedom was dead, thought they might dance on her tomb,
But England has risen and said,—and the spring sun scatters the gloom.
For England itself thou wast—a rock in the midst of the sea,
Then how could old Freedom be lost, or the hope of new Freedom to be!
With a voice that is stronger than Time, with an arm that is stronger than Death,
With a soul and a hope as sublime as the Sun and the North Sea's breath
Thou withstoodest the winter, the night, and the tempest, and never didst quail,
So, Might shall come to the Right, and Hail to thee Gladstone!—Hail!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ENGLISH music is in the ascendant in Germany. An opera in three acts, on the subject of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan (from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*), by that clever and rising young composer and conductor, Mr Charles Villiers Stanford, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been definitely accepted by the Intendant of the Royal Opera at Hanover, and will be produced there in the course of next winter. The libretto, cleverly put together by Mr Barclay Squire, has been translated to a wish by Herr Frank (the successor of Herr von Bülow), the same enthusiastic musician who was friend and musical executor to the lamented Goetz.

THE Beethoven Monument, at Vienna, will be unveiled on the 1st May.

VERDI has conducted several performances of *Aida* since the first night. All the leading parts of the opera have been studied "*en double*," so that the course of its representations may not be interrupted.

PAULINE LUCCA.—A correspondent telegraphs that Mme Lucca made her re-appearance before her Berlin admirers on Wednesday night, in the opera of *Carmen*. With the exception of the Emperor, all the members of the Imperial family were present, and most of the *Corps Diplomatique*, including Chinese minister and wife. Mme Lucca excited such enthusiasm that after the opera the crowd attempted to take the horses out of her carriage. (They slew horses, were harnessed by some asses, and drew coach and songstress to the hotel of ditto.—DR BLIDGE.)

PARIS (Thursday night).—Professor Nordenskjöld, after dining yesterday with Daubree, Director of the School of Mines, went to Mme Adam's, conversed with Sarah Bernhardt (who recited some verses), and heard comic performance by Coquelin, postponing departure to confabulate with Victor Hugo, who sang him an "inquiry motive" after dinner.—SIMCOCK HOUSE.

MR EDWARD LEDGER, proprietor of the *Era* newspaper, was presented on Wednesday with a £700 service of plate, by members of the dramatic profession, as testimony of their appreciation of the service for which they are indebted to him in connection with the recent libel-action brought by one Hodson Stanley in answer to a report in the *Era* of a so-intituled "dramatic ball" at Cannon Street Hotel. The presentation was made by Mr Henry Irving, our renowned tragedian, at the Lyceum Theatre, in presence of a large gathering of histrions of both sexes.—DR BLIDGE.

BRUSSELS.—The Belgian newspapers speak highly of the *Messe de Requiem* composed by Mr Edmond Depret. We translate the following from *La Chronique* of April 2:—

"At the National Concert given on Easter Monday in the Salle de la Grande Harmonie, which drew crowds of listeners, M. Edmond Depret's *Messe de Requiem* was executed with full orchestra. Having already given a detailed account of this composition, when first publicly performed on the 23rd September, 1879, it is needless to repeat the analysis. We are pleased, however, to certify that the audience at the National Concert ratified the praise awarded on that occasion. The *Messe* was enthusiastically applauded as well as the composer, who conducted the orchestra, and, though handling the *bâton* for the first time, acquitted himself thoroughly well. It was a real success for Mr Depret, and confirms the favourable opinion elicited when the *Messe* was given at the Cathédrale de St Gudele."

[We print the foregoing lines, simply as a recognition of their poetical merit, being wholly opposed to their political bias. The History of England is too great a thing to ignore, and those well versed in it will bear in mind that England has felt the pulse of Europe—a few lamentable intervals allowed for—upwards of 1,000 years, and ministered accordingly. The hypocrisy of Russia is 10,000 times worse than the openly avowed despotism of Turkey.—Otto Beards.]

Polkaw.

HOW TO OBTAIN GENERAL ACCEPTANCE.

To George Grove, Esq.



MR BAYLIS BOIL (*contemplatively*).—All that Robert Schumann wanted to win general acceptance in his own country was, I tell you, abuse from the Oracle at Bayreuth.

MR PURPLE POWIS (*quickly*).—He has got it! All (*contemplatively*) that Johannes Brahms wants to win general acceptance in his own country is, I assure you, abuse from the Oracle at Bayreuth.

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*quickly*).—He is getting it! Joseph Joachim will come next with his Hungarian Concerto, and Cambridge "Elegiac."

MR PURPLE POWIS.—No—Liszt.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Franz?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Canon Franz. "Faust-Symphony" has been praised—as if there were no such thing as a "Faust-Overture."

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—A "Faust-Overture"?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—A "Faust-Overture"! Fact is, Bache, Fra Angelo, Fra Mahoney, Fra Cabano, Papa Nick, &c., have gone too far—beyond what the Oracle anticipated. A certain measure is permitted, but—

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Then, I tell you, "Faust-Symphony" will be indexed expurgatorially.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—And the Pope?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Pooh! What's Papa in the Vatican to All-father Wotan in Walhalla? Hans von Richter (Wotan's Loge) announces "Faust-Symphony" in his London concerts, to the prejudice of "a Faust-Overture." Now, I tell you, between Weimar and Bayreuth there is a chasm, into which some Marcus Curtius of the *Zukunft* must, as an equestrian, precipitate himself, man and horse, armed with pamphlets; or the earth, I tell you, must stay riven to eternity.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—This, I assure you, will distress me.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Why?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—I cannot say.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Then you are of the bitten? This, I tell you, annoys me excessively.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—I am not, I assure you, of the bitten; but—

MR BAYLIS BOIL (*in anger*).—I hate mild apostates! Go to—

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Where?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Walhalla!

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Not by no means. I shall go to the Opéra-Comique, where there is a sense of duty, a general indulgence for orphans and, I assure you—

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Is that where the Penzance Pirates are, with Grossmith and the charming Kate La Rue?

MR PURPLE POWIS.—I assure you—

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Then, I tell you, I go with you.

(*Exeunt to "Pirates of Penzance."*)

ANSWER TO INQUIRY MOTIVE.

To Fra Demonio.



(In daily habit.)

Canta Leporello.



misterioso irónico.

LEPORELLO.—Ha! ha! Tell that to Fra Ghiacciato, Fra Angelo, Fra Francesco, Fra Shaverio, &c.—or ("F. C. B.")—Songs of Sixpence—

Gay Me-phiz-to'll come to sup-per
Not so late as old Dan Tuck-er.

Gilbert and Sullivan, Sullivan and Gilbert, Sorcerers, Pinafores, Pirates, Kate La Rue to the rescue! For ("F. C. B.")—Songs of Sixpence, otherwise submerged is Babylon.

Leporello.

TWO THINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I heard *Faust Symphony*, James's Hall. I heard *Pirates Penzance*, Opéra-Comique. I like *Pirates*.

Short Commons.

T. DUFF SHORT.

CONCERTS.

CLAPHAM.—The Clapham Amateur Orchestral Society gave their fifth concert on Thursday last at the Clapham Hall, under the able direction of Mr Ammon Winterbottom. The concert was in all respects attractive. The orchestral performances were generally to be commended, the "Fest March," from *Tannhäuser*, for example, being given with a spirit and precision that left nothing to desire. The vocalists were Miss Isabel Jomalin and Captain G. Brooke Meares. Miss Jomalin gave the songs allotted to her with pure taste and unaffected sentiment. This young lady possesses a contralto voice of genuine quality, from which excellent things may be expected. Captain Meares (a pupil of Sig. Caravoglio's) won unanimous and well-merited applause by his forcible rendering of the recitative and air, "Hai già vinta," from Mozart's *Figaro*, which he gave with the ease and finish of an artist. The hall, crowded in every part, presented a gay and animated appearance. The Clapham Amateur Orchestral Society prospers, and conducted with the same spirit that has distinguished the management of it, is likely to take a permanent place.

ZITHER CONCERT.—On Monday Fräulein Kitty Berger, accomplished as a performer on the zither—an instrument becoming fashionable in aristocratic drawing-rooms—gave her first *matinée* in Messrs Metzler's elegant concert-room, Great Marlborough Street. The pieces selected by Fräulein Berger were "Mélancholie" (Grasman), a transcription of Madame la Baronne Willy de Rothschild's romance, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," a Minuet by Haydn, a *Lied* from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, a Romance of her own composition, and "Tyrolienne," by Grasman. The attention paid to her performances was alike to the talent of the concert-giver and the growing popularity of her instrument. Among other artists of ability Fräulein Berger was assisted by Mdlle de Bono, the charming violinist, who played a transcription of Campana's "Contemplazione" and the Gavotte from *Mignon*, and Herr Otto Leu, the skilful violoncellist, who introduced an *adagio* from one of Handel's concertos. A leading singer was Mdlle Sanderini, who gave Campana's familiar "Birdie" with characteristic simplicity and grace. Herr Lehmeier and Signor Campana were the accompanists.

PROVINCIAL.

TRAWDEN.—On Saturday afternoon the thirteenth annual brass band contest and gala held on this picturesque spot was attended by a numerous company. Ten bands had entered, viz.:—Nelson, Padiham, 84th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, Biddalgh, Boars-hurst, Black Dyke Mill, Great Horton, Meltham Mills, Saltaire, Stanningley, and Leeds Model. The judges (R. Smith, London, and E. Newton, bandmaster Lancashire Militia) awarded prizes as follows:—1, £20 in money, Nelson (conductor, J. Gladney); 2, £11, Saltaire (conductor, J. Gladney); 3, £6, Black Dyke (conductor, J. Fawcett); 4, £3, Boarshurst (conductor, A. Owen); 5, a slide trombone, Great Horton. The piece selected was R. Smith's arrangement of Diarmoy's overture, "Leopold." A gala was subsequently held. [Trawden is near Colne, which is near Bradford, which is near Kirkdale Ruin, which is off Leeds. Black Dyke is a good conductor, and Boarshurst may boast of its brass.—DR BLIDGE.]

BRIGHTON.—The entertainments during Easter week at the Royal Aquarium were well patronised. On Saturday afternoon selections from *Carmen* were introduced by Miss Giulia Welmi, Mdme Mary Cummings, Mr Faulkner Leigh and Signor Vergara. On Monday evening, and during the week, Mdme Martino Campobello was the singer. This afternoon Miss Florence Marryatt is announced for a "Recitation." On Monday evening Mr Kuhe gave a concert in the banqueting room of the Royal Pavilion, on behalf of the Sussex County Hospital. The singers, chiefly amateurs, acquitted themselves generally well. After the concert an operetta, libretto by Mr H. C. Merivale, music by Miss Harriet Young, was performed. The singers were Mr Bernard Lane, Misses José Sherrington and May Bell. Miss Kuhe played the overture, and Miss Harriet Young accompanied the vocal parts. The operetta, entitled *Out of Town*, was successful, and at the end Miss Young was called before the curtain. On Tuesday Miss Draper, assisted by her pupils, Misses Charlton and Redman, and Miss Emily Moore, held a *matinée musicale* in the Pavilion, which was well attended. On the same evening the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society gave the first private subscription concert of their thirty-fourth season.

F SHARP OR F NATURAL.

To Sir Flamborough Head.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH.—I wonder what Arthur would say?

was nearer perfection than the too audible orchestra of August Manns. I remain, Sir, yours in sincerity,
The Shrubbery, April 8.

THOMAS NOON GADD.

IN NUBIBUS.



All hail, Maasbeth!
Thou shall be king hereafter.

Ap' Mutton.

Arcturus. 377th "Castor and Pollux," 500'009.

LEIPSIC.

(Correspondence.)

The Committee of the Gewandhaus Concerts have invited German and Austrian architects to send in, before the 31st of next month, plans for a new concert-building. One prize of 3,000 and another of 2,000 marks will be awarded, respectively, to the best and the second-best plan.—At the Stadttheater, *Ingeborg*, by Paul Geisler, and *Die Bürgermeisterin von Schondorf*, by August Reissmann, are in active preparation, and will shortly be produced. It is intended to organise next season a cyclus of all Gluck's operas, and there are good grounds for believing it will prove as successful as the Mozart *Cyclus*.—On the 24th ult., there was a concert which derived especial lustre from the co-operation of Mad. Schuch-Proska and Mdlle Bianca Bianchi. By the side of these two ladies, Herr Robert Fischhoff, the young pianist, well-known as prize-crowned pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, held his ground with distinguished honour. He performed compositions by Chopin and Liszt. The local critics praise him for his excellent technical training and for already possessing so ripe an intellect that great hopes may be built on the further career of his eminent talent. He proceeded from this place to Berlin, with the object of giving concerts there.

AN AMERICAN ART-JOURNAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Some charitable person has sent me by post an extract from an American journal, which, as it concerns yourself and not me, I enclose for your perusal.

"Since the idea, now so popular, of combining musical reporting with musical criticism has been carried out a great difference has come over the attitude which entrepreneurs adopt towards journalists. Ten years ago, beyond a few unimportant paragraphs inserted by the late Fothergill Chetley, in the *Athenæum*, and regularly copied at intervals varying from one to three weeks later by the *Musical World*, London was compelled to derive its musical chit-chat from word to mouth."

Well, what do you say to the extract? Fothergill Chetley, it is true, retired from the *Athenæum* TWELVE years ago (June, 1868), and died not very long after. What then? Lunching on bouillabaisse the other day, in Paris, at the Dame de Pique, kept by old Prosper Merimée (no relation to the author of *Carmen* and *Colomba*), I met Fra Ghiaccio, with six friars, each of whom had set the last number of the *New York Musical Review* in the shape of song with chorus, the choral refrain being ingeniously made to fall upon the words, "Since the ide-a-a now so popu-lar," while a counterpoint distributed among three of the seven voices persistently emphasised what may be called the date-motive:—"1880—No. 23—*New York March 18—Volume I.*"—Each setting may be sung separately; two, three, four, five, or six of them may be combined, or the entire seven given simultaneously, like the three oratorios of Raimondi, or Jullien's eleven forty-voiced fugues.

An explanation (if convenient) will gratify yours,

TROIS ÉCHELLES.

Hotel des Pieds Humides.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

That *The Pirates of Penzance* would prove a brilliant success in London was to be expected after the unanimous verdict delivered upon its immediate precursor, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Two authors like Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan (poet first in accordance with the Wagnerian dictum), exploring the same path which had already served them to such excellent purpose, could hardly fail, with additional experience, in obtaining at least equally happy results. They have, in fact, achieved another genuine triumph through legitimate means—a triumph all the more satisfactory if only, apart from the rare merits of their joint labour, on one special account. These clever gentlemen have shown that “opéra-bouffe” of the wildest possible kind, where licence after licence for the drollest improbabilities (as in the works of Offenbach, Leococq, *et hoc genus omne*), are tacitly admitted, can be made diverting beyond measure with scrupulous regard to propriety and without an incident of action, or a spoken sentence, that, through any ingenious perversion, will bear equivocal meaning, suggest a doubtful *arrière pensée*, or be used as pretext for *double-entendre*. In achieving thus much, had they done nothing else, Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan would deserve the consideration of all who look upon the theatre as a purifying, rather than as a corrupting, medium of public entertainment. Let us go to the Opéra Comique and witness a performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*. We shall see before the lamps, bevy of beauty, costumed as becomes beauty when beauty is exhibited to the highest advantage—with modesty; for it is a truth incontrovertible that between Diana unattired and the decently clad maiden there are no lawfully distinguishable grades. The “classics” in sculpture and in painting are, of course, beside the question, having all a deliberate purpose in view, the plain illustration of which on the stage would be a manifest breach of etiquette. At the Opéra Comique we shall hear explosion after explosion of laughter, caused by the wit, the humour—the “fun,” in short—of the dialogue, impotent to raise a blush on the cheek of boy or girl, yet not a bit less entertaining to the adult man or woman; the whole enhanced by music tuneful and fresh throughout, marked by the nicest appreciation of the situation and the text, gay, grave, or sentimental, as text or situation may demand, written for the voices and instrumented for the orchestra with discriminate and masterly skill—accompanying the libretto, as it were, hand in hand, as sister might go hand in hand with brother. “Opéra bouffe” (or whatever we may choose to style it in English), thus exemplified, should be everywhere acceptable; and we are pleased to learn that our American cousins have taken to it under such conditions—witness the extraordinary popularity of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, and again, the four companies, organised by the enterprising and indefatigable Mr D'Oyly Carte, now engaged upon its immediate successor in various sections of the “States.” Our morning contemporaries have dwelt at such length, and with such accurate minuteness, on the story of *The Pirates of Penzance*, that we may reasonably suppose the majority of readers sufficiently well acquainted with it to exonerate us from the task and privilege appertaining to narrators. Enough that the piece is of its kind inimitable; and this, notwithstanding that one or two of the leading characters are clearly modelled after previous types of Mr Gilbert’s own creation—Major-General Stanley, for instance, being from a military point of view the unquestionable “double” of a certain never-to-be-forgotten Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., figuring conspicuously in *H. M. S. Pinafore*. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with the opinion that the twenty-four daughters of the General are mere reflexes of the “sisters, cousins, and aunts” of Admiral Porter, that Ruth bears any particular resemblance to “Little Buttercup,” that Frederic is a bit like Ralph Rackstraw, or that the adventurous Mabel is a fair synonyme for that gallant seamen’s lady-love. The daughters of Major-General Stanley, more especially, are mainly important to the progress and dénouement of the plot; while the “sisters, the cousins, and the aunts” of Sir Joseph Porter are nothing more than accessories, who might be omitted—by no means because they are uninteresting, but because they have nothing essential to say or do that affects the march of events. The substratum of *The Pirates of Penzance*, moreover, is essentially new and original. The pirates themselves, and their mock ferocious Captain, are a strange lot, such as could only have come to an imagination so peculiarly organized as that of Mr Gilbert, who, if only by reason of the “Bab Ballads” would in the sphere of fantastic eccentricity reign supreme. The strong sense of “duty” entertained by these pirates, their tender sympathy for orphans, and “with all their faults,” their loyal attachment to the Queen and reverence for “our House of Peers,” are unique in the history of sea marauders. Nor could other incidents and characters in the plot have emanated from a brain less richly stored with such inexplicable conceits. Impossible as is the story from beginning to end, it is worked out so consistently, and with a gravity so well sustained, that it may be logically

admitted as it stands. No point must be questioned, or the whole fabric crumbles away; accept it as it is, in its integrity, and we are the richer by a humoristic tale of fancy. The space at disposal will only admit of our glancing at the music which Mr Arthur Sullivan has wedded to the piece thus cursorily described. As in previous instances, he has so completely caught the spirit of his text that the two, instead of distinct things, seem one and inseparable. *Tel poète, tel musicien*. That no composer can meet the requirements of Mr Gilbert like Mr Sullivan, and *vice versa*, is a fact universally recognized. One might believe that verse and music were of simultaneous growth, so closely and firmly are they interwoven. Away from this consideration, the score of *The Pirates of Penzance* is one upon which Mr Sullivan must have bestowed earnest consideration, for, independently of its constant flow of tune, it is written throughout for voices and instruments with infinite care, and the issue is a cabinet miniature of exquisitely defined proportions. The materials afford opportunities alike for comic, melodramatic, and sentimental treatment, and our popular composer has made use of them with excellent discrimination. That *The Pirates* is a clear advance upon its precursors, from *Trial by Jury* to *H.M.S. Pinafore*, cannot be denied; it contains more variety, marked character, careful workmanship, and is, in fact, a more finished artistic achievement than any of them. To enter into details is out of the question, and to specify points where all is equally balanced would answer no purpose. Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan are happy in their interpreters, and have to congratulate themselves upon the general getting up of their joint effort which, judging from the outcome, has been carefully prepared. As Major-General Stanley, Mr Grossmith shines to no less advantage than as Sir Joseph Porter—supplied too with a comico-satirical song, “I’m the very pattern of a model Major-General,” which he delivers in perfection. A better representative of the Pirate King than Mr R. Temple, or a more efficient second, as Lieut. Samuel, than Mr G. Temple, could not be desired. Mr Power, with his small but pleasing tenor voice, sings the music assigned to Frederic (apprenticed “by mistake” to a pirate, instead of to a pilot) with genuine taste, while Mr Barrington, as Sergeant of Police, is hardly to be surpassed. The ladies are all good. If Miss Marion Howe be really a *débütante*, and this was her first appearance on the stage, great things to come may be expected from her, both as actress and singer. Her future progress will be watched with interest. Much credit is due to Miss Emily Cross, who, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Everard, undertook, at twenty-four hours’ notice, the responsible part of Ruth, and, in the circumstances, acquitted herself wonderfully. Edith, Isabel, and Kate, three of General Stanley’s daughters brought prominently forward, were well represented by Misses Gwyn, Bond, and La Rue. Miss La Rue has a voice of charming quality, sings well, acts with grace and sprightliness, and looks provokingly pretty. These, with an orchestra efficient in every department, and a chorus of men’s and women’s voices equal to all demands (as Mr Sullivan’s music affords opportunities of testing), combined in producing an *ensemble*, which would have gone far to ensure success for a work of less merit than *The Pirates of Penzance*. Mr Sullivan himself conducted the first performance on Saturday. How he and Mr Gilbert were received, and how the opera was applauded scene after scene, has been sufficiently made known.—Graphic.

COLOGNE.

(Correspondence.)

The fifty-seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, will be held here at Whitauntide. The following is the programme, as definitively settled: First day: Overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses* (Beethoven), and *Israel in Egypt* (Handel). Second day: Symphony, No. 8 (Beethoven); Andante for String-Band (Haydn); *Die Nacht*, for solo, chorus, and orchestra (Hiller); Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann), played by Mad. Clara Schumann; and “Whitauntide Cantata” (S. Bach). Third day: Overture to *Genoveva* (Schumann); Symphony in A minor (Mendelssohn); Violin Concerto (Beethoven), played by Herr Joachim; Overture to *Der Freischütz*, and sundry vocal solos. In addition to the two eminent artists already named, Mad. Marcella Sembrich, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden; Mdle Adele Asman, of Berlin; M. Henrik Westberg, of Copenhagen; and Dr Krauss, of this place, are engaged.—A new and unpublished *Requiem*, for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, by Herr Theodor Gouvy, was recently performed, under the composer’s own direction, at a concert of the Church-Music Association. A second performance took place a few days subsequently.

MR PEARMAN OF DUNDEE.

By the death of Mr James Pearman early on Saturday morning from an attack of apoplexy, Dundee loses one of its oldest professional musicians. A native of Winchester, Mr Pearman began his musical education as choir boy in the cathedral. Later on he was apprenticed for seven years to Dr Chard, the organist, whose assistant he subsequently became. His first appointment of consequence was to the post of organist at St Mary's Episcopal Church, Montrose. After six years' service he became organist to St Paul's, Dundee, and soon became the leading pianoforte and vocal teacher. Among his other public duties was that of conductor to the Dundee Choral Society, a body which some thirty-five years ago included almost every musical inhabitant of Dundee, and first drew public attention to sacred music in general and oratorio in particular. He also conducted the People's Concerts, which, instituted by Lord Kinnaird, were carried on by the late Wm. Methven. Few could accompany vocal music with more intelligence than Mr Pearman. He had, moreover, the gift of extemporising, and was never at a loss for an organ voluntary or piano accompaniment that would satisfy musicians. Mr Pearman was also a composer of unquestionable talent. Cherubini's counterpoint was to him the model of part writing. Here, as in his choice of chords, he was conservative, all his writings being in the "strict" style, where everything is clear and logical. Among his published songs, "Ha, ha, laughed the Ivy," "The Bosom Flower," and "My Bonnie Mary," are the most generally admired. For pianoforte his "Baldovan March," "Baxter March," and "Camperdown Polka" are best known. He has left MSS., including a Mass, an extract from which was recently published in Methven, Simpson & Co.'s "Album Leaves."

After serving St Paul's Church for twenty-four years on an old and worn-out instrument, he accepted (in 1867) the post of organist at St Andrew's Catholic Church. In this office he has died at the age of sixty-three, in full harness, busy at work up to three days before his death, which leaves Dundee with one sterling musician the less to uphold the credit of an honourable profession. Only ten days ago, and without any anticipation of Mr Pearman's illness, the idea of getting up a testimonial to him as an old and respected townsman and professor was privately mooted. What action has been taken we cannot say, but Mr Pearman's demise need not interfere with the projected compliment, for he has left behind him one to whose feelings such a recognition of her husband's worth would be essentially grateful. Besides the musical profession, there must be very many in Dundee to whom he stood in the relationships of teacher or personal friend.—*Dundee Advertiser*, April 5th, 1880.

BONN.

(Correspondence.)

The arrangements for the approaching Schumann Festival are thus ordered: during the forenoon of Sunday, the 2nd May, the Schumann Monument in the Cemetery will be solemnly unveiled. In the evening there will be a vocal and instrumental concert in the Beethoven Hall, with Joachim and Wasielewski as conductors, Mlmes A. Kufferath, A. Schauenburg, Herr R. von Zur Mühlen, and Dr Krauss, as soloists. Here is the programme: Symphony in E flat major, No. 3, and "Requiem für Mignon," Schumann; Violin Concerto, Brahms (conducted by the composer and executed by Joachim); all the Music to *Manfred* (with spoken text), Schumann. Between the Symphony and the "Requiem für Mignon" a prologue, written for the occasion, will be spoken. On Monday, the 3rd, a morning concert will be given in the same locality and with a programme including Stringed Quartet in A minor, "Spanisches Liederspiel," Op. 74, and Clarinet Quartet in E flat major, Op. 47, all by Schumann.

NEW YORK (From a Correspondent).—P. S. Gilmore gave three colossal concerts, for his own "Irish Relief Fund," at Madison Square Garden, (11 A.M., 2 P.M., and 8 P.M.) on Wednesday. The evening concert attracted an audience of five thousand, and enthusiasm was the order of the night. The programme was strictly Irish national, supplemented by Verdi's "Anvil," with orchestra, military band, grand chorus, and 755 anvils, handled by stalwartly red shirted well-timed negroes, which, producing an effect electric, was urged to a repetition. Three cornet soloists were warmly received; Messrs Arbuckle and Levy as old-time acquaintances, Mr Howard Reynolds as a valuable addition to our galaxy of blowers on brass. Mr Reynolds played two solos in a style that captivated critical listeners by its purity and freedom from "clap-trap." His tone is irreproachable, and his shading superlatively beautiful. He is a singer, rather than a *bravura* player, and his execution is perfect.

WAIFS.

Mr Henry Jarrett has returned to Paris.

The Teatro Tivoli at Barcelona is being repaired and embellished. Ponchielli's *Gioconda* brought the disastrous season at the Scala to a close.

The season at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona, was inaugurated with *Macbeth*.

The last National Concert this season at Brussels was given on Easter Monday.

Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* is to be performed in Boston (U.S.) on the 15th inst.

Mdlle Marimon seems to have regained all her early popularity with the New York public.

Annette Essipoff, "Fron-Fron" of the piano, is now in Vienna. (Let us all go to Vienna.—DR BLIDGE.)

Herr Engel has again become manager of Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, and begins his season on the 9th May.

Handel's *Messiah* was performed at the third concert of the Frankfurt-on-the-Maine St Cecilia Association.

Princess Toto, music by Fredrick Clay, book by W. S. Gilbert, is the last novelty at the Boston Theatre (U.S.).

A concert, with thirty-six pianos, was given not long since at Hauteville. (Thirty-five too many.—DR BLIDGE.)

A subscription has been got up at Lecco to defray the expense of producing a new opera, *Mora*, by Vicini, a youngster.

A performance of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* was given at Stuttgart on Good Friday by the Association for Classical Church-Music.

Liszt intends passing three months at Weimar, whence (Bayreuth en route) he goes to kiss the Papal toe in the Eternal City.

In consequence of a strike, the pianoforte manufactories in New York had to be closed lately. (The strike is unstricken.—DR BLIDGE.)

A new opera, *Il Capitano Carlotta*, music by Sig. Bertini, is promised at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan. (Hardly credible.—DR BLIDGE.)

Mad. Koch-Bossenberger, of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, is singing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. (Good heavens!—DR BLIDGE.)

Maurice Dengremont appeared for the first time as a composer at the Thalia Theatre, Hamburg, playing a short piece entitled "Ma première Pensée."

Another infant phenomenon! Teresa Ina, a pianist of nine, is added to the list of similar prodigies. She played recently before the ex-Queen of Spain in Paris.

Ignaz Brüll is condensing the three acts of his Dresden opera, *Bianchi Bianca*, into two—expressly for Mdlle Bianca Bianchi of Vienna. (Brüll does well.—DR BLIDGE.)

The 57th Festival of the Lower Rhine will this year be held in Whitauntide at Cologne, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, one of the worthiest existing champions of legitimate art.

Wagner will take part in the Palestrina Festival, Rome, and attend the first performance of his own *Lohengrin* at the Teatro Apollo. (No, he wont. He has declined the honour.—DR BLIDGE.)

The police interdict against further representations of Anton Rubinstein's national opera *Kalaschnikoff* at Moscow and St Petersburg has been officially withdrawn; it holds good, however, to the prejudice of some other works by Russian composers.

According to our contemporary, *L'Art Musical*, the largest receipt hitherto obtained at the new Grand Opéra was on the 29th September, 1876, when a performance of the *Huguenots* brought 22,976 francs 99 centimes. (Why not say 22,977 francs at once? Hang the remaining cent!—DR BLIDGE.)

Madame Clara Schumann is preparing a new and complete edition of the works of her deceased husband, as also a biography, enriched by the literary remains of that great composer in the shape of letters, criticisms, essays, &c. (hitherto not made known). Such a publication, coming from such a source, is sure of a hearty and unanimous welcome.—*Graphic*.

WIENIAWSKI.—The death of Henri Wieniawski, at Moscow, on the 2nd inst., has deprived the musical art of one of its most distinguished representatives. Perhaps, among all the violinists of our time, Wieniawski stood nearest in general capability to Joseph Joachim. He was as well known in England as on the continent, and many amateurs may remember that it was he who took the leading violin in Mendelssohn's B flat quartet at the first of Mr Chappell's now famous Popular Concerts—February 14th, 1859.—*Graphic*.

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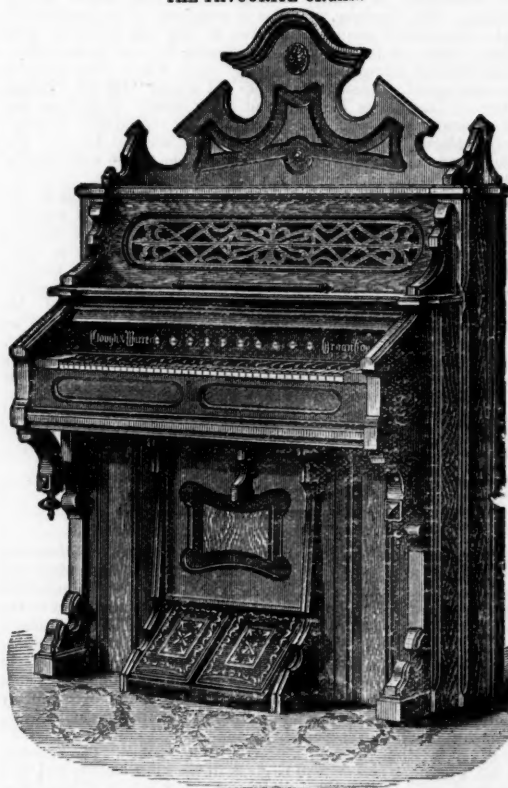
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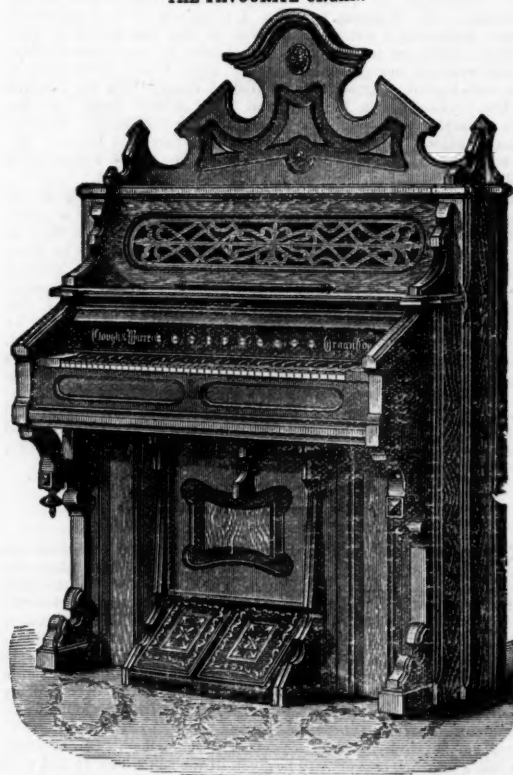
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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr GYE has the honour to announce that the Opera Season of 1880 will commence on
TUESDAY, APRIL 13th.

The following are the Arrangements for the Season, and they will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit :—

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mdme ADELINA PATTI, Mdme EMMA TUROLLO,
Mdme ALWINA VALLERIA, Mdme VERNI, Mdme MANTILLA, Mdme SCHOU,
Mdme LOUISE PYK, Mdme BAUERMEISTER, Mdme COTTINO,
Mdme MORINI (her First Appearance in England),
Mdme LENARI (her First Appearance in England),
Mdme SONNINO, Mdme COSSI,
and
Mdme ALBANI (her First Appearance these Two Years).

Mdme SCALCHI,
Mdme PEPPINA MALVEZZI (her First Appearance in England),
Mdme GHIOTTI, and Mdme PASQUA.

Signor NICOLINI, Signor CARPI,
Mons. ENGEL (his First Appearance in England),
Signor ORLOFF (his First Appearance in England),
Signor SABATER, Signor IGENIO COSSI, Signor MANFREDI, Signor FILLE,
and
Signor GAYARRÉ.

Signor GRAZIANI, Signor COTOGNI, Mons. MAUREL,
Signor SANTE ATHOS (his First Appearance in England),
Signor UGETTI, and Mons. LASSALLE.

Mons. GAILHARD, Signor DE REZKÉ, Signor SILVESTRI, Signor CIAMPI,
Signor CAPPONI, Signor CARACCIOLLO, Signor SCOLARA,
Signor RAGUER, and Signor VIDAL.

Conductors, Composers, and Directors of the Music:
Signor VIANESI and Signor BEVIGNANI.

Director of Private Concerts:
Sir JULIUS BENEDIOT,
To whom all applications for Artists should be addressed.

Principal Dancers:
Mdme LUCIA ZULIANI (her First Appearance in England),
Mdme REUTERS, Mdme L. REUTERS, Mdme E. REUTERS.

Maestro al Piano	...	Herr SAAR.
Assistant Stage Manager	...	Signor LAGO.
Principal Violin Solo	...	Mr CARRODUS.
Leader of the Military Band	...	Herr L. SAAR.
Leader of the Ballet	...	Mr BETTMANN.
Organist	...	Mr FITTMAN.
Maitre de Ballet	...	Mons. HANBY.
Suggestori	...	Signor FORTUNATI and
Repetiteur de Chœur	...	Signor BONNINO.
Decorator	...	Signor CARLO COSSI.
Machinist	...	Mr LABHART.
	...	Mr. WHITE.

The personnel of
THE ORCHESTRA as well as that of THE CHORUS
Will remain nearly the same as last Season.

Stage Manager	...	Signor TAGLIACOCO.
Artistes Costumières	...	Mdme DUBREUIL, Mons.
	...	FRIGNAERT, & Co.
Scenic Artists	...	Mr DATES, Mr CANEY,
	...	and Assistants.

RÉPERTOIRE.

"L'Africaine" ... Meyerbeer.
"L'Etoile du Nord" ... Meyerbeer.
"Les Huguenots" ... Meyerbeer.
"Dinorah" ... Meyerbeer.
"Roberto il Diavolo" ... Meyerbeer.
"Le Prophète" ... Meyerbeer.
"Don Giovanni" ... Mozart.
"Le Nozze di Figaro" ... Mozart.
"Il Flauto Magico" ... Mozart.
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" ... Rossini.
"Guglielmo Tell" ... Rossini.
"Otello" ... Rossini.
"La Gazza Ladra" ... Rossini.
"Semiramide" ... Rossini.
"Lucresia Borgia" ... Donizetti.
"Don Pasquale" ... Donizetti.
"La Favorita" ... Donizetti.
"Lucia di Lammermoor" ... Donizetti.
"La Figlia del Reggimento" ... Donizetti.
"L'Elisir d'Amore" ... Donizetti.

"Linda di Chamouni" ... Donizetti.
"Norma" ... Bellini.
"La Sonnambula" ... Bellini.
"I Puritani" ... Bellini.
"La Traviata" ... Verdi.
"Il Trovatore" ... Verdi.
"Rigoletto" ... Verdi.
"Ballo in Maschera" ... Verdi.
"Don Carlos" ... Verdi.
"Ernani" ... Verdi.
"Luisa Miller" ... Verdi.
"Aida" ... Verdi.
"Martha" ... Flotow.
"Alma l'Incantatrice" ... Flotow.
"Fra Diavolo" ... Auber.
"Masaniello" ... Auber.
"Le Domino Noir" ... Auber.
"Les Diamans de la Couronne" ... Auber.
"Fidelio" ... Beethoven.
"Orfeo" ... Gluck.

"Faust e Margherita" ... Gounod.
"Romeo e Giulietta" ... Gounod.
"Crispino e la Comare" ... Ricci.
"Der Freischütz" ... Weber.
"Hamlet" ... Thomas.
"Mignon" ... Thomas.
"Esmeralda" ... Campana.
"Le Artiste Femminile" ... Cimara.
"Gemma" ... Poniowski.
"Il Guarany" ... Gomez.
"Lohengrin" ... Wagner.
"Tannhäuser" ... Wagner.
"Le Vaseau Fantasma" ... Wagner.
"Le Vispe Comare di Windsor" ... Nicolai.
"Paolo e Virginia" ... Victor Masse.
"Santa Chiara" ... The Duke of Saxe Coburg.
"Les Amants de Verone" ... Marquis d'Ivry.
"Il Re di Lahore" ... Massenet.
&c. &c.

During the Season a Selection will be made of those Operas of the foregoing Répertoire which have, from time to time, proved to be the most acceptable to the Subscribers and the Public, and it is the intention to produce at least Two of the following Operas :—

GOUNOD'S Opera, "MIREILLE," principal characters by Mdme ADELINA PATTI and Signor NICOLINI.
HEROLD'S Opera, "LE PRE AUX CLERCS," principal character by Mdme ALBANI.
PALADILHE'S Opera, "SUZANNE."

And to revive AMERISE THOMAS'S Opera, "MIGNON," principal character by Mdme ALBANI.
And ROSSINI'S Opera, "LA GAZZA LADRA," principal character by Mdme EMMA TUROLLO.

FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.

The FLORAL HALL CONCERTS will take place as in previous Seasons.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THIRTY-FOUR NIGHTS.

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly FOUR OPERA NIGHTS in each week, viz., MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either Two or more of those Four Nights.

*. The attention of Subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

TERMS (for Thirty-Four Nights).

Boxes on the Second Tier (for Four Persons)	...	70 Guineas.	Boxes on the Pit Tier (for Four Persons)	...	185 Guineas.
Ditto First Tier, at the Side	...	100 "	Orchestra Stalls	...	each 30 "
Ditto do, Central	...	140 "	Amphitheatre Stalls, first and Second Rows	...	do, 15 "
Ditto Grand Tier	...	200 "			

All Subscriptions to be paid in Advance.

Subscribers of last Season are respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same, at once, to MR EDWARD HALL, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Also of Mr MITCHELL, Messrs LACON & OLLIER, Mr BUBB, Messrs CHAPPELL, and Mr OLLIVIER, Bond Street; Mr SAMUEL HAYES, Regent Street; Messrs LEADER & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Mr ALFRED HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Messrs KEITH, FROWEE & Co., 48, Cheapside.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
March, 1880.

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